"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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THOMAS FIRMIN, THE CHRISTIAN CITIZEN.

Two hundred years ago you might have seen, in the streets of London, that good man, who was known in every rank of society, Thomas Firmin, of whom Queen Mary said to Archbishop Tillotson, "She was sorry he was heterodox in the articles of the trinity, the deity of Christ, and the satisfaction theory, and hoped his lordship would be able to set him right in those weighty and necessary points." We have read that the Archbishop obeyed her Majesty, but without success, for Mr. Firmin lived and died in the Unitarian faith. With no church of that name in his day, and few companions of his supposed heretical faith, he was not afraid, even in that intolerant age, to avow his religious principles and to defend them at fitting opportunities. He was chiefly distinguished for his untiring zeal to do good. No man was better known than Firmin amid the charities and benevolent agencies of his day. He pitied and incessantly relieved the wretched condition of the poor. Like a brother he went and visited the homes of the people, saw for himself their meagre looks, their sorry furniture, comfortless abodes; and interested his wealthy friends in their relief. Like a father he would go about and lend to struggling tradesmen sums of money without interest that they might escape from ruin. When money was scarce he set aside his coach that he might carry out his works of charity. He laboured to redeem poor debtors out of prison, and hundreds owed their freedom and a new start in life to his philanthropy. On being expostulated with by some of his friends for helping unworthy persons who ought to suffer, he was wont to reply, "It would be a miserable world indeed if the Divine Providence should act by the rule you advise: if God should show no favour, grant no help or deliverance to us in those straits or calamities that are the effects of our sins. If the Universal Lord seeks to reclaim, and to better us by favours and graces, do we dare to argue against the example set by him and against a method, without which no man living may ask anything of God? St. Thomas' Hospital owes a debt of gratitude to the interest he took in raising it from the wretched condition into which it had fallen. He was enabled to be the almoner of nearly sixty thousand pounds to the French refugees of his day who were driven from their country for their Protestant faith. In a word, to Mr. Firmin works of benevolence were a pleasure, as he once said, "More than magnificent buildings, pleasant walks, well cultivated orchards and gardens, the jollity of music and wine, or the charms of love or study are to others." He often returned to his home in the evening quite exhausted with the manifold works of charity in which he had engaged during the day. In the sixty-sixth year of his age he was seized with a serious illness which proved fatal in less than two days. He had been known to wish that he might not lie longer than two days on a sick bed. His friend, the Bishop of Gloucester, visited him in his last illness, and reminding him of his useful life, hoped he now relied on the infinite goodness of God and the merits of his Saviour; he replied, "When I have done all, I am but an unprofitable servant." He said, "I trust God will not condemn me to worse company than I have loved and used in the present life." So lived and died this good and faithful brother, of whom John Wesley has said, "He was undoubtedly a pious man."

THE MOTHER'S LAST GIFT; OR, THE VALUE OF A SINGLE PENNY.

THIRTY years ago there was seen to enter the city of London a lad about fourteen years of age. He was dressed in a dark frock that hid his under apparel, and which appeared to have been made for a person evidently taller than the wearer. His boots were covered with dust from the high road. He had on an old hat with a black band, which contrasted strangely with the colour of the covering of his head. A small bundle, fastened to the end of a stick and thrown over the shoulder, was the whole of his equipment. As he approached the Mansion House he paused to look at the building, and seated himself on the steps of one of the doors. He was about to rest awhile; but the coming in and going out of half a dozen persons before he had time to finish untying his bundle made him leave that spot for the next open space, where the doors were in part closed.

Having taken from the bundle a large quantity of bread and cheese, which he seemed to eat with a ravenous appetite, he amused himself by looking at the building before him with all the eager curiosity of one unaccustomed to see similar objects.

The appearance of the youth soon attracted my curiosity, and gently opening the door I stood behind him, without his being the least conscious of my presence. He now began rummaging his pockets, and after a deal of trouble brought out a roll of paper, which he opened. After satisfying himself that a large copper coin was safe, he carefully put it back again, saying to himself, in a low voice—

"Mother, I will remember your last words: 'A penny saved is twopence earned.' It shall go hard with me before I part with you, old friend."

Pleased with his remark I gently touched the lad on the shoulder. He started, and was about to move away, when I said—

"My good lad, you seem tired, and likewise a stranger in the city."

"Yes, sir," he answered, putting his hand to his hat. He was again about to move forward.

"You need not hurry away, my boy," I observed. "Indeed, if you are a stranger and willing to work I can, perhaps, help to find what you require."

The boy stood mute with astonishment; and colouring to such an extent as to show all the freckles of a sunburnt face, stammered out—

"Yes, sir."

"I wish to know," I added, with all the kindness of manner I could assume, "whether you are anxious to find work, for I am in want of a youth to assist my coachman."

The poor boy twisted his bundle about, and after having duly placed his hand to his head managed to utter an awkward kind of an answer, that he would be very thankful.

I mentioned not a word about what I had overheard with regard to the penny, but, inviting him into the house, I sent for the coachman, to whose care I entrusted the new comer.

Nearly a month had passed after this meeting and conversation occurred, when I resolved to make some inquiries of the coachman regarding the conduct of the lad.

"A better boy never came into the house, sir; and as for wasting anything, bless me, sir, I know not where he has been brought up, but I really believe he would consider it a sin if he did not give the crumbs of bread to the poor birds every morning."

"I am glad to hear so good an account," I replied.

"And as for his good nature, sir, there is not a servant among us that doesn't speak well of Joseph. He reads to us while we sup, and he writes all our letters for us. Oh, sir, he has got more learning than all of us put together; and what's more, he doesn't mind work, and never talks about our secrets after he writes our letters."

Determined to see Joseph myself I requested the coachman to send him to the parlour.

"I understand, Joseph, that you can read and write"

"Yes, sir, thanks to my poor dear mother."

"You have lately lost your mother, then?"

"A month that very day when you were kind enough to take me into your house, an unprotected orphan," answered Joseph.

"Where did you go to school?"

"Sir, my mother has been a widow ever since I can remember. She was a daughter of the village schoolmaster, and having to maintain me and herself with her needle, she took the opportunity of her leisure moments to teach me not only how to read and write, but to cast up accounts."

"And did she give you that penny which was in the paper that I saw you unroll so carefully at the door?"

Joseph stood amazed, but at length replied with emotion, and a tear started from his eye.

"Yes, sir, it was the very last penny she gave me."

"Well, Joseph, so satisfied am I with your conduct that not only do I pay you a month's wages willingly for the time you have been here, but I must beg of you to fulfil the duties of collecting clerk to our firm, which situation has become vacant by the death of a very old and faithful assistant."

Joseph thanked me in the most unassuming manner, and I was asked to take care of his money, since I had promised to provide him with suitable clothing for his new occupation.

It will be unnecessary to relate how, step by step, this poor lad proceeded to win the confidence of myself and partner. The accounts were always correct to a penny; and whenever his salary became due he drew out of my hands no more than he absolutely wanted, even to a penny. At length he had saved a sufficient sum of money to be deposited in the bank.

It so happened that one of our chief customers, who carried on a successful business, required an active partner. This person was of eccentric habits, and considerably advanced in years. Scrupulously just, he looked to every penny, and invariably discharged his workmen if they were not equally scrupulous in their dealings with him.

Aware of this peculiarity of temper there was no person I could recommend but Joseph; and after overcoming the repugnance of my partner, who was unwilling to be deprived of so valuable an assistant, Joseph was duly received into the firm of Richard Fairbrothers and Co. Prosperity attended Joseph in this new undertaking, and never suffering a penny difference to appear in his transactions, he so completely won the confidence of his senior partner that he left him the whole of his business, as he expressed it in his will, "even to the very last penny."

WE'VE ALL OUR ANGEL SIDE.

Despair not of the better part
That lies in human kind;
A gleam of light still glimmereth
In e'en the darkest mind.
The savage with his club of war,
The sage so mild and good,
Are linked in firm eternal bonds
Of common brotherhood.
Despair not, O, despair not, then,
For through this world so wide,
No nature is so demon like
But there's an angel side.

The huge rough stone from out the mine,
Unsightly and unfair,
Hath veins of purest metal hid
Beneath the surface there.
Few rocks so bare but to their heights
Some tiny moss plant clings,
And round the peaks so desolate
The sea bird sits and sings.
Believe me, too, that rugged souls
Beneath their rudeness hide
Much that is beautiful and good;—
We've all our angel side.

In all there is an inner depth—
A far-off secret way—
Where through dim windows of the soul
God sends his smiling ray.
In every human heart there is
A faithful sounding chord,
That may be struck, unknown to us,
By some sweet loving word.
The wayward heart in vain may try
Its softer thoughts to hide;
Some unexpected tone reveals
It has its angel side.

Despised and low and trodden down—
Dark with the shade of sin—
Deciphering not those halo lights
Which God hath lit within—
Gaping about in utmost night,
Poor poisoned souls there are,
Who guess not what life's meaning is,
And dream of heaven afar.
O! that some gentle hand of love
Their stumbling steps would guide,
And show them that, amidst it all,
Life has its angel side.

Brutal and mean and dark enough,
God knows some natures are;
But He, compassionate, comes near,
And shall we stand afar?
Our cruise of oil will not grow less
If shared with hearty hand;
And words of peace and looks of love
Few natures can withstand.
Love is the mighty conqueror—
Love is the beauteous guide—
Love with her beaming eye can see
We've *all* our angel side.

THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS.

BY REV. T. S. KING.

THE worst errors of orthodoxy, we believe, are traceable to a misconception of the mental structure of St. Paul, and especially to an oversight of the fact that his Espistle to the Romans is, in the noblest sense of that word, a rhetorical, rather than a logical or dogmatic, composition. It does not pretend to give truth cold-pressed into a formal treatise; but it shows us truth jetting hot out of a passionate soul, for immediate practical effect, for the most efficient service against prejudices, that must be offended as little as possible, but which, for the honour of the gospel, must some way be striken down. The positive and eternal principles of the gospel, therefore, are not set in a philosophical form, as though the apostle were drawing a creed for all ages, to be rigidly interpreted by the intellect; but they are infused with rhetorical conceptions, they are set in historical lights, that will make them most available for the practical crisis which the apostle would meet, without any damage to their spiritual authority and force. A great lawyer, arguing an important cause to a jury, whose habits of mind and prejudices he is familiar with, and whose favourable verdict is immediately necessary, puts truth in a different attitude, and uses other laws of impression than would be proper if he sat on the judge's bench to write a decision in the same case, that must stand for all ages as part of public jurisprudence. The same truth might appear in both instances; but if the same verbal methods were applied to the interpretation of it, if constant reference was not made to the rhetorical purpose in the first case, and the cold abstract aim in the second, a perfectly false system might evolve from the speech of the pleader, and principles be attributed to him which he would thoroughly detest.

Thus, it was the object of St. Paul to root out of the Jewish mind every notion of a covenant relation between them and God, that could be suffered to pledge His providence to a peculiar favouritsm for them through all history. The proper breadth and harmony of the Church were not possible till this conceit should be expurgated from their brain. So he seeks a universal stand point, in the first place, which will bring Jews and Gentiles together before the Government of Heaven. With the latter there has been the covenant of conscience and natural morality, with the former the covenant of election and the Mosaic code. How do the human parties stand, he asks, as to these common covenants? They have equally broken them—the Jews by not living in conformity with their revealed codes, and the Gentiles, by violating their inborn sense of right. If covenants are to be talked about, therefore, Paul means to show that neither party have anything to claim from God; and if God, abandoning the whole principle of covenants, chooses to meet the whole race with a fresh and surprising mercy, what have the Jews to object to the universality of the new system? what has either party to do, but acknowledge the grace of Heaven, and strive together in a fellowship of gratitude because of the common boon? Such a mercy, Paul argues, has been displayed toward the whole race in the gift of Christ, who published the paternity of the Infinite, promised blessings that no souls could have expected on any grounds of covenant, and offered helps to a holy and filial life which neither natural conscience nor the Mosaic law could supply. Just as the mercy seat in the Jewish temple was the visible sign that God had chosen the Hebrew nation once, for blessings to which they had no legal claim, so Christ has become a new propitiatory or mercy seat, and stands as the sign of a freely manifested love towards the whole race, so that all sins are fully forgiven, and a new light imparted to every soul that comes into communion with him by vital faith.

And then Paul brings out from the Hebrew records the universal principles which are implied in their chief documents, and the great types which the Messiah should be expected to fulfil. He shows that Abraham was first chosen on account of faith, so that in blessing the Gentiles on the ground of faith, in the Christian system, God is only giving full sweep to the principles which the Hebrew records themselves lift into light. Again, the great troubles of humanity are common ones, and have descended from Adam, the ancestor of Gentiles as well as Jews. And shall not Christ stand in as broad

relations to the world as the first man? Shall he not be the head of a spiritual lineage, including all races, just as Adam stands at the fountain-head of a common sinfulness and wretchedness? Furthermore, does not the Pentateuch, does not the book of Isaiah, show plainly enough that God has always held the lines of His government in His own hands, unhampered by covenants with men, so that He could choose those to be His people who were not His people? The Jewish exclusiveness, therefore, he argued, is riddled every way, by reason, by the principles of their own traditions, and by the open declarations of the records to which they appeal.

Now, orthodoxy perverts the argument and mistakes the sweep of this epistle on every point. The vivid pictures which Paul paints, to show that Jews and Gentiles have broken their covenants with the Almighty, Calvinism interprets as a mathematical projection of the doctrine of total depravity. Paul's idea that they have nothing to claim of God, on terms of bargain, Calvinism stiffens into the dogma that the human race are born under the shadow of infinite wrath. The apostle's poetic conception, in the third chapter of Romans, of Christ as a new ilasterion or mercy seat, whence God freely dispenses the richest favours to all men who have the filial spirit, Calvinism deforms into the hideous proposition, that Christ was needed as a sacrifice, to enable God to be propitious to a revolting race. The allusion to Abraham, intended by the apostle to lift the Jewish mind above the idea of covenants, is perverted into the idea that the Christian church is founded on a strict covenant of faith, which forbids any Heavenly mercy to stray beyond the believer in a propitiatory offering. The reference to Adam is dwarfed from its typical breadth and rhetorical magnificence, to the idea of federal headship, or a corrupted nature flowing from that fountain into every breast. And the references to the Old Testament, by which the apostle proves that God had never given up the right to turn and broaden the channels of His providence as He pleased, have been frozen into the dogma of personal election, and a foreordination that annihilates free will.

THE FURNACE OF AFFLICTION.

Affliction, whether physical or mental, is always painful, but often teaches us great lessons, yields us a rich store of spiritual consolation and strength for future trial, and gives us a faith in the goodness of God so calm and peaceful as to be an ample reward for all the suffering we have endured. Does not the experience of the reader confirm our words? We are persuaded there are many, very many, who bless God that ever they were afflicted, who feel that it has indeed been good for them, and who, having been privileged to see somewhat of the gracious design of our Heavenly Father in the chastening of his children, hold fast henceforth the blessed faith that no affliction can overtake them (not induced by folly or sin) but is intended for their soul's true peace and the purification and exaltation of their whole being. The writer of these lines can never lose sight of the unspeakable benefit which a late terrible affliction was to him; how his sense of the love and wisdom of the Infinite Father was deepened and made more real, because more heartfelt; and his soul was purified from the worldly dross which before had dimmed its true life. And so we believe it has been with many. Oh! the blessed faith, that all things are tending to good, that joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, are alike from the hand of the tender Father of all, and are alike meant to conduce to the soul's true health. And it is a joyous thought that the pure and simple faith which we as Unitarian Christians, possess, is so consoling, so sustaining, so cheering, in times of pain and sorrow. One of the charges which our orthodox brethren have often brought against the faith which is so dear to us is that, while very well for health and prosperity, it will fail the soul when help is most needed, namely, in affliction and sorrow. Has it not enabled you to lean on the bosom of your God, to acknowledge the trial as from him, and to seek to derive from it those lessons which it is calculated to teach? May we all labour more and more, each in his own sphere and in the way for which he is more especially adapted, to give to others that store of strength and support which we find to be sufficient for every need!

E. T.

HOPE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF A SCEPTICAL FRIEND.

Mourn for the dead—mourn, hopeless, for the dead!
We meet no more—the vital breath has fled.
Weep, Sadducees, like those who have no hope,
If friendship's o'er when life's small thread is broke.
If, then, from friends for ever part we must,
Or only meet to mingle in the dust;
If, then, the heart must throb its last farewell;
If, then, the shudd'ring melancholy knell
Of every joy and every hope must sound,
The grave indeed is hopeless—a profound
Of fathomless despair. But if there be
A spirit world, where we again shall see
Our kindred and each friend we lov'd while here,
And reunite with all that were most dear
In purest sympathy; where peace and joy
Shall never end, and be without alloy,
Save what may flow from those who'll not repent,
Whose faults may bring a proper chastisement.
Whate'er our friend deemed right that he maintained,
And by his labours Freedom's cause has gained;
If e'er he erred he seemed indeed sincere—
And on that ground there can be nought to fear.
Not for opinions—not for formal creeds—
Shall man be judged, but rather for his deeds;*
Not that true faith is vain, for error still,
Howe'er sincere, leads more or less to ill.
Yet if we rise 'twill be, saith one,† "we trust
To be forgiven or suffer what is just."
Some by corrective punishment thus taught,
'Till all subdued, all to obedience brought,
That truth and love and righteousness may be
The crowning joys of immortality.
Then to converse with those who've gone before—
The wise, sincere, and good from every shore—
Is a delight which Socrates the wise
Said 'twere worth many deaths to realise.‡
Who that has followed to the grave a friend,
Would not, like Socrates, such hope defend?
A faith that shall defy, as heretofore,
The Sadducees' and sophists' dubious lore;
A faith that shines more pure, more bright,
As blending more and more with reason's light.
That soul shall meet when bodies shall expire,
Is bliss to hope, is virtuous to desire.

G. G. G.

* John v. 28, 29; 1 Peter i. 16, 17; Acts x. 34, 35.
† Lord Byron.
‡ Socrates' defence before his judges.

NON DIES IRÆ.

O, peaceful, blessed, glorious day,—
Our holiest inspirations say,—
When we shall pass from earth away!

What deep rejoicings there will be,
When we our Father's face shall see,
In realms of immorality!

When, at some spirit-voices sound,
Soul to its spirit-home shall bound,
With peace serene and joy profound!

Meeting beneath those fairer skies,
The pure, the good, the just, the wise,
With grateful hearts, in glad surprise!

The past, with beauty clad, will then
Be pictured with unerring pen,
And God be seen the guide of men.

Life's page, all radiant and bright,
Will glow with all its latent light,
And all our anxious hours requite,

No Lamb vicarious I plead!
No Day of Wrath to come! nor need
Of Love with Ire to intercede!

But God's all-pure divinity,
That saves with rich salvation free,
Will evermore encircle me!

And all His attributes divine
Will cause me meekly to resign,
And make His will be wholly mine.

With raptured heart I then shall see
That all earth's pangs must ever be
Gate-ways to higher destiny.

And all will find a recompense,
From error small, to dark offence,
In higher life's experience.

Not conscious guilt, but praise and prayer
God's perfect justice will declare,
While *all* His love forever share!

O glorious, soul inspired belief!
That wipes the burning tear of grief,
And gives to saddest hearts relief!

No merit, and no price-bought claim
I bring; but in my Father's name
I trust, as in Love's living flame!

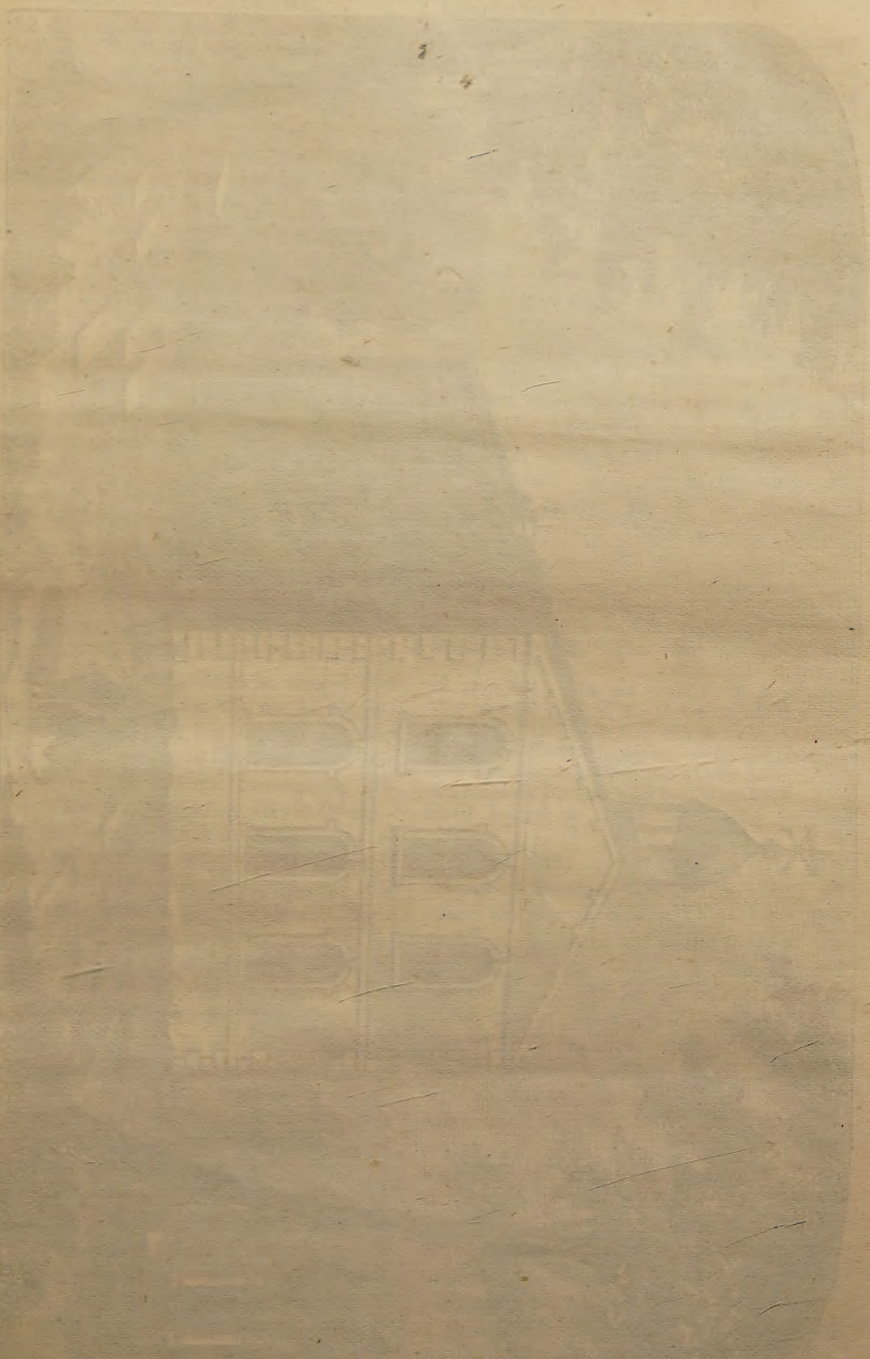
No partings at a dread command!
No sheep and goats on either hand,
With anxious, fearful trembling stand!

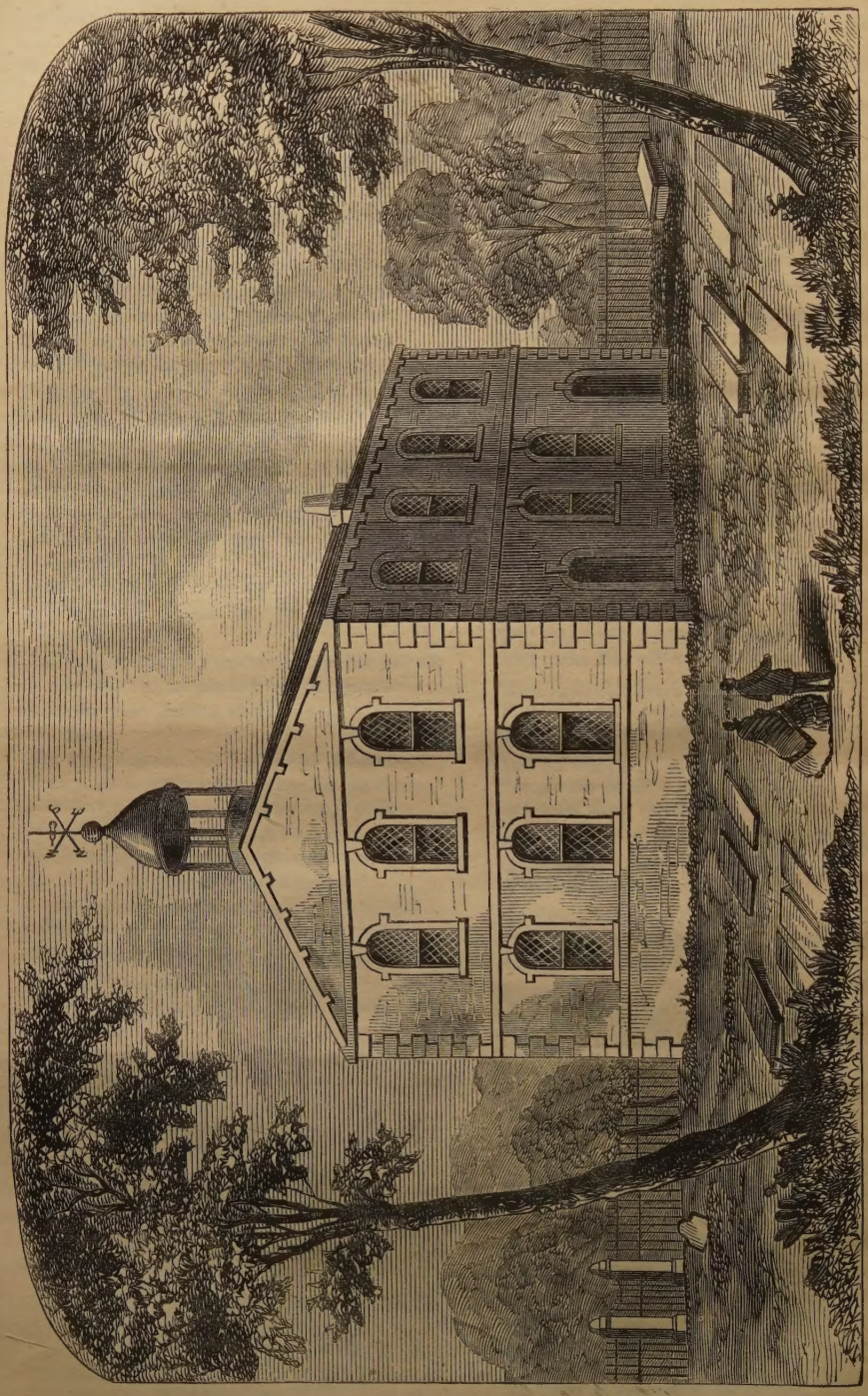
No myriad numbers unforgiven,
Into dark, endless hells are driven!
While but a few ascend to heaven.

O God, while here I lowly lie,
And feel Thy conscious presence nigh,
My grateful song I raise on high!

Rejoice! rejoice! No day of Ire!
No risings from funereal pyre,
Of countless dead of ages past,

To stand in judgment, all aghast,
Before the bar of God, to hear
A doom that none can ever bear.





PRESBYTERIAN CHAPEL, CHOWBENT, LANCASHIRE.

PRESBYTERIAN CHAPEL, CHOWBENT, LANCASHIRE.

(The burial-place of the celebrated Dr. Jno. Taylor, of Norwich.)

We have hitherto presented to our readers principally engravings of our Unitarian chapels recently built; we now offer them an engraving of one of our old chapels, that of Chowbent in Lancashire. The history of this chapel carries us back to the times of the Stuarts and the great struggles of the seventeenth century for civil and religious liberty. "While we look back," says the Rev. F. Baker, "at the history of such men as have ministered in this chapel, and see them sacrificing their livings and breaking up their homes for conscience sake, what a tide of emotions fills our hearts, and what lessons never to be forgotten does their noble disinterestedness read to their successors in all generations. Is it a wrong feeling to love to dwell on such consistency, on such worth, on such piety? Does not truth seem holier, and duty stronger, and conscience more sacred as we contemplate such examples?" In 1645, when Presbyterianism was in the ascendant, a chapel was built at Chowbent for the use of the inhabitants, there being no place of worship before that time within three miles. The chapel then built was not consecrated till 1723. The congregation were Presbyterian, and when even after the passing of the Toleration Act, the Vicar of Leigh came to officiate, the people quitted the place, leaving him a large Bible and Common Prayer-book ready for use.

When the friends of the Stuarts in Scotland and the north of England took up arms in 1715, for the purpose of re-establishing that family on the throne, and advanced as far as Preston, the minister of Chowbent, and all the active men of his congregation at the request of General Wills marched to Preston with such arms as they could find to oppose the rebels. This display of zeal, said to have been handsomely acknowledged by the Government, displeased the lord of the manor, who took occasion not long afterwards to eject them from their meeting-house. Then was built the present chapel. The Rev. James Woods, known ever after the incident of 1715 as "General" Woods, continued minister till 1759. Among his successors we find the honoured names of Samuel Mercer, Toulmin, and Benjamin Rigby Davis.

In the chapel is a monument in memory of Dr. John Taylor, of Norwich, whose remains are interred in the adjoining burial ground. The inscription, said to have been written by his friend, Dr. Enfield, is very suggestive:—"Expect no eulogium from this stone, go inquire among the friends of liberty, learning, and truth. They will tell of him." The other monuments are those of Rev. James Woods and B. R. Davis, one of John Short, the friend of Priestley, and mentioned in his autobiography, and one recently erected in memory of the late J. B. W. Sanderson, Esq.

There are a few very aged people still living who have a distinct recollection of Mr. John Short, a very pious, enlightened, and benevolent man, on whose estate the chapel is built. He is the gentleman described by Mrs. Barbauld after paying him a visit.

Ruddy and vigorous, native cheerfulness,
Plain-hearted friendship, simple piety,
The rural manners and the rural joys,
Friendly to life. Oh! rude of speech, yet rich
In genuine worth, not unobserved shall pass
Thy bashful virtues! for the Muse shall mark,
Detect thy charities, and call to light
Thy secret deeds of mercy; while the poor,
The desolate and friendless, at thy gate,
A numerous family, with better praise,
Shall hallow in their hearts thy spotless name."

About sixty years ago, the late Mr. Sanderson planted young lime trees all round the chapel yard. These have now grown up to the height of the eaves of the building. Since 1857 the chapel yard has not been used for interments, except in the case of widows, widowers, and last survivors of families. It has been laid out as a garden with broad borders planted with shrubs and flowers. It was formerly surrounded by a low wall. This has been replaced with lofty palisades. In 1835, school-rooms were erected outside the chapel yard, and an additional room of great dimensions was built in 1861. These are on the east side of the chapel, and adjoining them are the minister's house and garden.

Besides the ministers already mentioned the list includes the names of T. Horsfield, J. Harrison, A. Macdonald, E. Davis, and the present minister, Mr. C. Frankland, who came to Chowbent in 1852.

A QUEER OLD LADY.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

How different people appear at different times—as, when we are sick or well, rejoicing or mourning, laughing or weeping! A few days since I met an old lady, who nodded very familiarly to me, and yet I hesitated to call her by name, lest I should miscall it. She looked old, and yet young; soft and smiling, and yet wore stern frowns. She was fair in face, yet her hands were iron. It seemed as if the wind would blow her away, and yet she moved with the strength of an elephant.

"Why, sir," said she, "you seem to stare at me, though you have seen me a thousand times before."

"That may be, madam; but I never saw you so loaded down with all sorts of things. I am curious to know about them. Would it be rude if I should ask you a few questions?"

"Not at all. Ask away."

"Well, what are you going to do with those small, thin, ladies' shoes?"

"Why, make the ladies wear them, to be sure."

"Not in this cold, wet season? Why, I can hardly keep my feet warm in these thick double-soled boots. I must have over-shoes. How can they wear such thin, cold-catching shoes?"

"Oh, sir, I have only to bring them to them, and the dear creatures put them on and never hesitate a moment. They know me!"

"And those little half dresses, hanging on your arm?"

"They are to be put on little children, in cold weather, or to walk out in—naked at the knees, naked at the neck, and hardly covering half the body. You can't think how eager parents are for these dresses."

"What have you in this little tin-box?"

"Lozenges, sir; troches, hoarhound candy—things, that always go with thin shoes and thin dresses. And this bright, red box, sir, contains what is called 'conscience-salve,' which I always keep on hand to rub on the conscience when any one feels that he has done wrong in obeying me. It's in great demand, sir, and a certain cure."

"What have you in that bundle, madam?"

"This? Why, a few knick-knacks, which I sometimes distribute in Sabbath schools, in the shape of dialogues, speeches, things to make people laugh, and to prevent the school from feeling too serious, or thinking too much about religion. You must understand, sir, that I continually have to attend church to regulate things there, and see that the bonnets are right, the rings are bright, and dresses complete; yet religion itself I hate as poison! And here is a box of the finest—what shall I call it? It is a sort of wit and smartness, which I deal out to preachers, with which they spice their sermons, and become popular. I sell them by the gross. They are growing in demand, and they are a real saving of conscience and heart-ache. Warranted to keep in any climate—a kind of sensation powder."

"Pray, madam, what are those screws for?"

"Why, to pinch the feet, and make them look small, without regard to corns and bunions. They can't wear those little, dear little shoes, except you have these pinchers to go with them."

"And that great heap of books in your arms?"

"Those! They are the latest, most exciting, and the weakest, and most silly novels. But I hand them out, and shake my head with a smile, and crowds read them."

"Well, madam, I'm very inquisitive, I know, but I do want to know what you have in that bag thrown over your shoulder."

"A great variety of valuables—such things as 'late suppers'—in great demand, and which send people to the grave early, and thus make room for more. Then there are 'late hours,' and 'late rising,' and all manner of hair-dressing, and expensive dressing—things that ladies must have, even if their husbands fail. Here are diamond pins and rings, just the thing to stir up envy and create extravagance. Here are gold watches, cigars, meerschaum pipes, gold-headed canes, eye-glasses, and all manner of things to suit all manner of people. And I laugh and coax, and frown and command, till I get them to wear and use them, and do just what I please. Now I have stopped to talk with you a few moments, don't you see what a crowd have gathered round me; low necks, thin shoes, muslin dresses, tight boots; some on crutches, some coughing, some breath-

ing short, all crowding to get near me; and when I move you will see how they all run, and rush, and crowd after me. Oh, sir, I am the great power of the world. I rule kings and queens, beggars and philosophers. Don't you see?"

"Truly, madam, truly. And now may I ask your name?"

"Name! *Fashion*, sir; my name is *Mrs. Prevailing Fashion!* I thought everybody knew me!"

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

"Oh! she has such beautiful hands."

"Why do you call them beautiful?"

"Oh, they are so small, and soft, and white. Her fingers taper so finely, and the nails are most perfectly shaped and delicately tinted."

"They may be all that, and yet not beautiful. Did you learn how many good deeds they have done? how often, as the agents of a charitable heart, they have bestowed charities? how many times they have soothed the pain in burning, aching, brows? how often they are folded in humble prayer before God? And are they willing hands? will they do a kindly act as readily and gracefully as they touch the keys of the piano? Are they modest hands? can they do good without boasting? Are they industrious hands? will they sweep a room or knead a loaf of bread? Are they brave hands? would they dare do right in spite of pride and fashion? Are they democratic hands? would they, before the eyes of wealth, and pomp, and would-be-aristocracy, clasp as equals, the hard, toil-worn fingers of the honest poor?

It is not softness, nor whiteness, nor delicacy of form which determines a hand's beauty in heaven. We find nothing concerning prettily-shaped hands in the Bible. But we read of Sara, the wife of Abraham, that she did "make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, kneaded it, and made cakes upon the hearth;" and of the faithful Ruth—"And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers, for the support of herself and Naomi;" and of Mary—"She anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair." Mould thy spirit into perfection and thy outward body shall assume all comeliness. Be industrious, patient, and prayerful, be pure-hearted, affectionate, and true, so shall thy hands be beautiful in the sight of God.

REASONS FOR BEING A UNITARIAN.

By Rev. Wm. C. Tenney.

To sum up our present position, negatively and positively: the religion of ecclesiasticism, of formalism, of dogmatism, of mere pietism, we believe, dwarfs and shrivels the type of character; manufactures a puny and technical saintship, instead of flowering and fruiting from the juices of a living and growing manhood; seals up inspiration in the standing reservoir of the past, instead of finding it the inexhaustible stream, rolling its fresh waters along the channel of humanity for ever; localises, unspiritualises, monopolises God, the universal spirit, Father of all souls, fastens special sanctity on books, and places, and days and rites, making them ends, not means, idols, instead of servants; shudders at, and frowns upon, the innocent, healthy joys of life, as outcroppings of an evil and doomed nature, not drinking in the music of their unconscious hymn of praise; worships with the wheedling of the beggar, the whine of the craven, or the cringing of the slave, not in the glad outpouring of gratitude, adoration, and trust; conjures with heaven and hell, as with the entrancing or paralysing spells of destiny; thinks of Providence as the occasional sallies of divine power to help a favourite or further some ecclesiastical purpose; turns salvation into a contrivance snatching from suffering those who deserve it and endowing them with a merit unnatural and procured; contracts brotherhood into a clanship; hates a heresy worse than an immorality, and thinks better of pious frauds than of unsanctified integrity; dignifies by the name of faith the abject prostration of the reason; canonises absurdity and self-contradiction by the name of mystery; imputes to a corrupt heart the mental clear-sightedness that will not permit itself to be hoodwinked, and watches science with a deadly jealousy lest its brightening sunshine should quench the glimmer of its own dim tapers. Dogma or form, creed or rite, in the degree *it* is made a religion, instead of practical righteousness, illiberalises the mind, acidifies the heart, pharisaises piety, provincialises God, denaturalises life, and metamorphoses eternity.

Liberal, rational, free, practical Christianity—such a Christianity as Unitarianism

proclaims and for whose promotion it lives —above all raptures of devotion, all punctiliousness in rites, all exactness, or length, or abstruseness, or mysteriousness of creed, believes in and practices an everyday righteousness, justice and humanity in one, that righteousness without which all these at their very best are but superstition, self-stultification, or hypocrisy—believes in and practices it in the home, on the farm, in the workshop, behind the counter, in the street, and even, strange as it may appear, in politics—toward the weak, the poor, the suffering, the oppressed, in fine, toward all. It is patient and unrecriminating with the intolerance that unchurches and anathematises it; tries to see religion beneath superstition, and credits to ignorant earnestness what it can of apparent bigotry and uncharitableness; repelled from the conception of an angry and partial God, believes in Him, who is Love—that love, which is no weak, doting, *laisser-faire* fondness, but universal justice and mercy alike through tenderness and through severity, working for the good of all his children; rejoices in the belief in a Providence, not occasional, exceptional, arbitrary, but an all-comprehending *law*, appointed and administered by an all-knowing, almighty, all-holy *will*; refuses to dogmatically define Jesus or label inspiration, as trying to map out the air it breathes, and measures the light that illuminates its pathway; uses the Bible as a chart, not a charm, fearing the results of no investigations of science or criticism, as though God could contradict himself, or as though the great facts of the life of Christ and the profound spiritual truths in those precious pages depended on the literal correctness of every opinion to be found between Genesis and Revelation; no narrow sabbatarian or sacramentarian, yet cherishes the day of sacred memories and social worship, nor despises the rites through which devotion pours itself forth and by which it is nurtured and refreshed; prays *for* men and *with* them, not *over* them or *at* them; meets God in love, trust, and adoration, not with slavish, ostentatious, repetitious deprecations; cherishes an ideal of life, earnest without gloom, and cheerful without frivolity or excess, and expecting by no theological or ecclesiastical legerdemain to dodge a future local hell, or vault into a local heaven, looks to the grand futurity to complete, develope, perfect that which, through His varied discipline, He who rules in all space and all time has commenced and is carrying forward here.

Such a faith brightens, cheers, and glorifies human life, lightening its duties, spreading a heavenly halo round its joys, softening and sanctifying its sorrows. It is open to every sweet influence of nature, and in harmony with the tenderest affections of our being. It reconciles the natural and the spiritual, conquers the world and uses it, and joins in willing alliance reason and religion. It hallows youth, invigorates manhood, consoles and sustains old age. "Good to live by," and not less "good to die by;" the consummation of its rejoicing and its triumph, as it crosses the solemn portal to the world unseen, will be "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

THE FATE OF THE TWELVE DISCIPLES.

All Christians are well acquainted with the fate of Jesus, the head of the Church, and also with the melancholy end of Judas, who sold his master for a few pieces of silver; but of the other eleven we are not so well informed of their end. There are traditions and stories found among the writings of the early Christians, and to these we must refer for the few words we now venture to put down on the fate of the disciples.

Peter occupies a prominent place in the Acts of the Apostles, and is believed by the Roman Catholic Church to have been the first Bishop of Rome, and that he was there twenty-five years. In the year A.D. 65 both Peter and Paul are said to have been put to death by Nero at Rome. Paul was beheaded, and Peter, by his own request, preferred to be crucified with his head downwards, which was agreed to by his executioners.

Andrew, who is said to be the first of the disciples that recognised the Messiahship of Jesus. He travelled into Scythia after the death of Christ, and preached around the Black Sea. It is said he was a man of remarkable purity and disinterestedness. He also was crucified. In an ancient hymn he is represented, when he saw his cross, saying: "Hail, precious

cross! Thou hast been consecrated by the body of my Lord, and adorned with his limbs as with rich jewels. I come to thee exulting and glad: receive me with joy into thy arms. O, good cross, that hast received beauty from our Lord's limbs! I have ardently loved thee; long have I desired and sought thee; now thou are found by me, and art made ready for my longing soul. Receive me into thy arms; take me from among men and present me to my master, that He who redeemed me on thee may receive me by thee."

James, surnamed the Great, to distinguish him from another disciple of that name, is said to have left his country after the martyrdom of Stephen, and returned after ten years to his home, and then suffered death. He was the first of the disciples that suffered death, being beheaded by Agrippa, in the year 43, to please the Jews. He had visited different parts of the world where the Jews were found, and preached the Gospel to them. Eusebius, in his history, relates that the accuser of James, observing the great courage and constancy of mind wherewith the apostle underwent his trial, was so affected with it that he repented of what he had done, declared himself publicly a Christian, and was condemned to be beheaded with James. As they were both led together to execution he begged pardon of the apostle by the way for having apprehended him. St. James, after pausing a little, turned to him and embraced him, saying: "Peace be with you." He then kissed him, and they were both beheaded together.

James, surnamed the Just, minister of the Church at Jerusalem, supposed to be the writer of the epistle of James, also suffered death among his own people, the Jews, they being exasperated at the escape of Paul by his appeal to Cæsar, had James apprehended. They carried him to the battlements of the Temple and asked him to make a renunciation of his faith or they would throw him from the battlements; and that the people might be undeceived about his Christianity he took this opportunity, in the face of death, to declare his most solemn belief in Jesus Christ. The Scribes and Pharisees, enraged at him, cried out: "This just man also hath erred," and going up they threw him headlong down from the walls, saying, "He must be stoned." He was very much hurt by the fall, but had strength to rise on his knees and beg God to pardon his people, for they knew not what they did. The rabble below showered upon him a volley of stones, and not being dead, a fuller gave him a blow upon his head with a club such as he used in dressing cloths, and he immediately expired. This happened in the year A D. 62. He was buried near the temple where he was murdered, and a small column was erected. St. Jerome, Origen, Eusebius, and some others, declare that in the genuine and early history of the Jews by Josephus this declaration is found, that many of the Jews regarded James so good a man that they ascribed the destruction of Jerusalem a few years after as a judgment upon them for his murder.

Thomas went out and preached the gospel to the Ethiopians, Medes, Parthians, and also in India. There is a considerable sect in Cochin and the coast of Malabar who say that they received the gospel from this disciple. In the time of Constantine there were Christians in that part of the world, and they have always been purer than the Church of Rome. It is said that Thomas suffered death in India. His body was pierced with lances.

Bartholomew, generally supposed to be Nathanael, is said to have preached the gospel in India, Arabia, and Persia. He was flayed alive by command of Astyages, at Albana, on the Caspian Sea, because of the hatred of this man to the Christian religion, and because his brother, the King of Armenia, had embraced Christianity through the preaching of Bartholomew.

Jude, a man of considerable wit and understanding, and brother of James the Just. He preached the Gospel up and down Samaria and Syria, as well as Judea. He wrote an epistle to the Jews. There are different accounts of his death. Some historians aver that he suffered death in Persia, others say in Armenia. The Greek Church affirms he was tied to a tree and shot to death with arrows. The Armenians say to this day that Jude and Bartholomew planted the Christian Church among them.

Simon, called the Canaanite, and some-

times called Simon Zelotes, for his zeal in embracing and diffusing the gospel, travelled through Egypt and other parts of Africa diffusing with success Christianity. Some Greek historians have said that he preached in Britain. It is also said that he went to Persia, preached there, and was there put to death on the cross.

Matthew, the writer of the first gospel, is said to have gone into Ethiopia and preached there and suffered death at Naddabar. But a learned writer of the second century says that Matthew was one of the disciples that did not suffer martyrdom.

John, supposed to be the writer of the fourth gospel, three epistles, and the Book of Revelations, after much persecution, is said to have died a natural death at Ephesus when about one hundred years old.

Philip preached the gospel in the two Phrygias, and Polycarp, a convert to the Christian religion in A.D. 80, says he enjoyed the conversation of Philip, so he must have lived to a good old age. He was a married man and had a large family. Polycrates speaks of three of Philip's daughters and their assistance to their father in the diffusion of Christianity, and calls them the "THREE LIGHTS OF ASIA."

Justly honoured this day are these men over all the civilised world. Everywhere we find, not only the noblest piles of masonry bearing their names, but rivers, bays, islands, cities, streets, and squares. Men they were—brave men, worthy of remembrance, who went forth professing an unpopular creed, and after a supposed unsuccessful life, suffered death. What an instructive lesson they have left us! how many prisons they sanctified, dangers they braved, regions of the earth they travelled through, perils they faced, and nations they have conquered to the name of Christ! The religion they preached among idolatrous nations of "One God the Father" is what we are called upon to preach to-day.

"Be thou like the first disciples,
Be thou like the Apostle Paul,
If a true thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly, speak it all.
Face thine enemies, accusers;
Scorn the prison, rack, and rod,
And if thou hast truth to utter,
Speak; and leave the rest with God."

REMISSION AND FORGIVENESS.

THE following piece of criticism respecting the doctrine of forgiveness, and the distinction set up between the remission of sin, and the forgiveness of the sinner, we give for the benefit of those among us engaged in the discussion of this question. It would seem that the *Pall Mall Gazette* having commented on "the doctrine that any man whatever can forgive sins, and so put himself in the place of God," the Rev. D. I. Heath writes to say that the principal offence for which he was ejected from his living in the Isle of Wight, was that he mentally distinguished between the two words "remission" and "forgiveness." He adds:—

"One is derived from the Latin; and I said that not once in the whole range of Latin literature was 'remissio' ever used for 'condonatio.' I say that remission applies to the sin, and pardon or forgiveness to the sinner, I need not point out to you what a light such a distinction, if correct, would throw upon the controversy you are engaged in. You will certainly never understand Dr. Pusey, nor, it is equally certain, will the doctor ever understand himself, till you all see that the forgiveness of sins is as absurd a phrase as the remission of sinners. Surely, sir, upon five minutes consideration, we must all admit we do not wish to preach the forgiveness of drunkenness, idleness, dirt, or, murder. We detest these evils. We wish their destruction, expulsion, or theologically speaking, their remission. We forgive the idle, the dirty, and the drunkard, or even the murderer. And now three lines for the application of this distinction to the controversy of the day. If confessions, or sacraments, or Dr. Pusey, or the Pope, can remit or put away these evils, without introducing worse ones, let us gladly see them do so; but the forgiveness of those who offend is an absolute duty of all men. Forgiveness is a mental feeling, irrespective of all ordinances. Remission is an act, and the final cause for which churches should feel themselves to be constituted."

POPULAR INFIDELITY.

ONE of the causes of disbelief in Christianity and religion, is thus admirably

pointed out by the editor of the *Intelligencer*:—

But it were in vain to deny that there is a large amount of popular infidelity, for which the Church must accuse itself of being the cause. Among the published sermons of Mr. Spurgeon is one entitled, "How Saints May Help the Devil." This title is pertinent and suggestive, and the sermon proves that there is, as Professor Smith has phrased it, "a contradiction (often) between the palpable facts of our common morality and the supposed judgments of religion."

To men of intelligence, conscience, and natural morality, the Church, however, presents its most repellant if not revolting features, when, instead of love among those who ought to be brethren, it displays the ferocity of sectarian ambition, and magnifies some ecclesiastical trifle, or some external accident above the whole substance and body of Christianity. While thoughtful and reflecting men may readily find reasons to respect a just denominational self-consciousness, they must nevertheless be pained when beholding the "fierce animosities and impotent dogmatisms" of weak and puny zealots, who compass sea and land to make proselytes, not to Christ, but to some particular tenet which furnishes a shibboleth to a clique, a party, or a sect.

The reading of some of the so-called religious papers which meet our eye from week to week, is almost enough in itself to convert a Christian to the ranks of unbelievers. Their offensive exclusiveness; their narrow bigotry; their paltry misrepresentations; their abject servility to the rigorous demands of ecclesiastical formalism; their elaborate commendations of some one or other separating dogma; their lack of comprehensiveness; their want of charity; their readiness to slander any body of Christians from whose principles they dissent; their studied ignorance of everything in the Christian world not included within the range of their operations; their hardy persistence in demanding that all other sects shall come over to their little, half-rotten platforms—all these and kindred characteristics of religious journalism, illustrated in the columns of a few of our contemporaries, so far as they are approved by readers, foster a spirit the reverse of Christian.

Journals of this class are indeed few. Were it possible for them to become numerous they would bring Christianity into popular contempt. Yet these few have a fatal power to do mischief. They have done it, and will continue so to do until they find out a more excellent way.

Meanwhile, it remains for all who believe in the "communion of saints" to strive together for the furtherance of the Gospel. They need not surrender their vital convictions, nor abandon their denominational homes, nor give up preferences sanctified by conscience; but they can prove their substantial unity by moderating the tone of controversial dissent, by rejoicing in each other's welfare, and by exhibiting that forbearance of charity on disagreement which will permit the cultivation of concordant desires to rescue the masses from the thraldom of a growing popular infidelity.

REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF A WHOLE ISLAND.—We have too many instances of applying the forcible arguments of rewards, and the terrors of persecution even to death, to convert men to the faith of the church and court of Rome. Such motives, however, can produce nothing but hypocrisy, dissimulation, and lying, parents of every secret crime. The Empress of Russia used a method for converting her pagan subjects of Kamskatka, no less agreeable than effectual; which is to exempt from taxes for ten years such of them as will profess Christianity. This practice may be political, but it tends not to advance religion, and is destructive of morality. Terror, on the other hand, may be equally effectual, but is not altogether so agreeable, and never should be used by Protestants. Till the beginning of the present century, the people of Rum, one of the Hebrides, were Catholics, when in one day they were all proselyted to the Protestant faith. Maclean of Coll, their chieftain, went to the island with a Protestant minister, and ordered all the inhabitants to appear on Sunday at public worship. They came, but refused to hear a Protestant minister. Their chief reasoned with them, but finding that his reasonings made no impression, he laid hold of the most forward, and having made a deep impression on him with his cane, pushed him into the church. The rest followed like meek lambs, and from that day have continued firm Protestants. The Protestantism of Rum is hence styled by their neighbours the "Faith of the Yellow Stick"; but yet this is better than their own faith of dungeons, racks, gibbets, and fires.—*London Magazine*, 1774.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

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LOYALTY TO TRUTH.—I will creep towards the light, even if the light has made its way through a rent in the temple.—*Coleridge.*

TRUE RELIGION.—It is an excellent thing when men's religion makes them generous, free-hearted, and open-handed, scorning to do a thing that is paltry and sneaking.—*Henry.*

FASTS AND FEASTS.—"Taking them one with another," said Sidney Smith, "I believe my congregation to be the most exemplary observers of the religious ordinances; for the poor keep all the fasts, and the rich keep all the feasts."

SACRAMENTAL WAFERS.—According to a census of the communicants of the Roman Catholic Church, taken in Rome, by counting the wafers consumed at Easter throughout the world, the number of communicants was found to be but 30,000,000.

JOHN LOCKE ON SOUL-LIBERTY.—No men, or society of men, have any authority to impose their opinions or interpretations on any other, the meanest Christian; since, in matters of religion, every man must know and believe and give an account for himself.

SUSPICION is the palsy of the heart; fear is a chain of ice upon the tongue. Half words are worse than silence; and either is death to conversation. A man to be genuine, to be himself, must believe and be believed; must trust and be trusted. The scowl of a doubt quenches the charm of conversation as quickly as the shadow of a hawk does the song of a bird.

FRANCE.—The National Society at Paris for the translation of the Scriptures, notwithstanding the efforts of the Romish Church to draw off its members, still continues its work. It has twenty-nine Catholic members, twenty-one Protestants, and eight Jewish. A meeting of the members of the committee is expected to take place at the commencement of December, to hear the report of the past nine months' trial and success.

A REASON FOR NEGLIGENCE.—A curious and not very satisfactory reason is given for the contentment of the English churchmen with existing evils. "A general expectation prevails among the clergy of the established church that the personal advent of the Lord Jesus is near at hand, and all things must grow worse and worse till he comes; and therefore, they acquiesce in 'things as they are,' almost without a murmur."

ORTHODOXY VERSUS NODOXY.—"A few days ago," says a minister, "I had a little business to do with the widow of a strolling musician. Her husband was just dead, and though he had attended no place of worship she expressed a hope as he was a man that would have done *no harm* to any man, God would be merciful to him, and would do *him* no harm. I concurred with her view. The same evening I publicly discussed a theological question with a very orthodox Christian who never absented himself, I would say, from public worship. He said every soul would be damned by God for ever who did not believe in his views of Christianity. I was disposed to think the nodoxy of the strolling player better than such an orthodoxy."

WATER FOUNTAINS.—Among the numerous drinking fountains established in London by Mr. Samuel Gurney, one is at the gate of the East India Docks, among a colony of beer shops that have fattened on the patronage of the host of labourers and sailors there congregated. Since the opening of this fountain, several of the beer-shops have been closed. A publican, a short time since, threatened legal proceedings against one of the West-end vestries for allowing a drinking fountain to be opened near his house, alleging that it had diminished his receipts more than twenty-five per cent.

JEWS.—The most ancient of religions is disturbed even in the nineteenth century with those who believe in progress. Thus Drs. Einhorn and Alder, as "Reformers," are charged with serious departures from the old faith. They have secured the adoption of the following with regard to the board of the new "Theological Seminary" to be started here or in Philadelphia, viz, "No one shall be a member of that board unless he be the member of a congregation which has expunged from its ritual the advent of a personal Messiah, and the idea of a national restoration."

HOLLAND.—The women in Holland appear just now to be possessed by a spirit of fanaticism. They profess to be apprehensive that the wickedness of the country is about to call down upon it terrible calamities. Stimulated by the preachers, the women are greatly distressed at the prevalence of liberal opinions, which they identify with atheism and Antichrist; and many of them—even ladies of the highest rank—are being rebaptised—(in an oddly, primitive manner, it is said, by no means consistent with modern notions of propriety) by way of purging themselves of the national sin.

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